

# RURAL REPOSITORY.

A Semi-monthly Journal, Embellished with Engravings.

ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM.

W. B. STODDARD, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE

VOLUME XXVII.

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

NUMBER 26.

## TALES.

From the Rural New Yorker.

### THE APPLE PEDLAR; OR, A ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

BY H. G. EASTMAN.

IT was the 15th of May, 1851, a day which will long be remembered, that I found myself seated in the bar-room of one of the principal hotels in Dunkirk. It was the morning of the New York and Erie Railroad Celebration. The streets were thronged with anxious spectators who had assembled from all surrounding parts, to behold the first steam horse who had dared to venture thus far into their romantic country. As I sat at the window conversing with a friend, my attention was directed to a middle aged man in the street, with a basket of apples, which he seemed to be disposing of to those who were desirous of purchasing. His dress was of the poorest material, and that so badly torn, that it dangled in shreds about him. He wore nothing about his feet, save a piece of leather, which by means of strings he had ingeniously fastened upon the bottoms, to prevent them coming in contact with the stones. His hair was of a jet black, and with his red beard, floated in wild profusion about his head. Feeling anxious to contribute something to the poor man's, I beckoned him to approach me. I slipped a few pennies into his hand, and my eye caught his. There appeared to be something peculiar in his looks. His countenance told of better days, and I questioned him to that effect. But he seemed unwilling to converse with me, and turned away. The poor apple pedlar was thought no more of. My friend and myself soon left the hotel, and mingled with the crowd, to rejoice at the completion of that great work, and welcome the first train to the shores of Lake Erie.

Time sped on. In a few short hours the sun had set, and we were returning from the tumult of the day, seeking a place of repose. Turning a corner that led into the main street, we suddenly came upon an assemblage of men and boys who were gazing upon some object which seemed to excite their curiosity. We paused for a moment and discovered it to be the Apple Pedlar, who lay intoxicated in the street. A worse scene of intemperance I never looked upon. He would occasionally start, crazed by some wild and frantic dream, which told too truly the delirium tremens were at work. I turned and inquired of the by-standers if any present were acquainted with his name. To which

several replied, "It is B——." "What B——?" says my friend, for he was startled at the name. "Charles B——," was the reply. "Is it possible? It cannot be that we have again met," speaks my friend. But so it was, he recognized him instantly, and, requesting me to remain with the wretched man, he proceeded immediately to find a shelter for him during the night. By diligent search one was finally procured several streets distant, where we carried him in a cart upon straw. We left him in charge of the lady of the house, and promising to call at an early hour the next morning, took our departure.

As we resumed our walk, my companion remarked: "There is romance enough connected with the life of that man to fill a volume—and if you will remain with me during the evening, I will give you a brief history of a part of it." I most cordially accepted the invitation and he related to me the following incidents:

My first acquaintances with Charles B. was in the year 1839. We were then room-mates at Homer, (Cortland Academy,) where we prepared for College,—entering Hamilton in the Fall of 1840. His father was a wealthy farmer in J——, and spared no pains to give his son an education sufficient to qualify him for any station in life. At the age of fifteen he became acquainted with many languages, and was at that time advanced enough to enter any College,—yet wishing to lengthen his school days, he deferred doing so. His last year at Homer was the commencement of his wild career. He frequently became dissipated, then only seventeen. This was his year of revelry. His academic studies were finished, and time now was no consequence. A week before the close of the term he was expelled, and I dare say the name of Charles B——, will long be remembered by many of the citizens of that place.

I entered College, and again he roomed with me. Two months rolled around, and each day brought a change for the worse. He had wasted money enough during these two months to have carried him through his studies. Mr. B., becoming aware of the disgrace his son was bringing upon him, refused the adequate means for him to remain at college unless he reformed. This (under restraint,) he resolved never to do, and therefore he left, determined to plan some method for procuring money. It required but little thought to carry his determination into effect. He takes his father's last letter from his pocket, and practices upon the hand writing until he had it perfect. He then makes out a check in a fac-simile of his father's

hand writing on the Bank of J——, for the sum of one hundred dollars. He is soon at the Bank, and the President cashes it without hesitation.

In less than an hour he is again on his way to College. On arriving at Utica he found himself minus the hundred dollars, having lost it in a drunken spree upon the route. There he joined a circus company as clown, under the name of George W. White. His first appearance before the public, was at his native village where he sang his favorite song, which was so loudly applauded (throughout the country,) entitled, "My Grandfather was a wonderful man." He was with the circus company about two years, during which period they visited England, and he appeared before the Queen, who presented him with a beautiful horse.

As the company returned to America he left them and became a theatrical performer in New York city, (although at that time, considered the greatest of American clowns.) This proving injurious to his health, he concluded to engage in some profession. But first of all he concluded to direct his steps homeward. He found a change had taken place. His father had been dead nearly a year, and at his death willed him the greater portion of his property, if he returned a reformed man and remained so three years. This he resolved to do, and again resumed his studies. He had pursued them a little more than a year when I saw him again. He then appeared to be a temperate man and everything smiled about him. That year he graduated and commenced the study of law in Rochester, at which place I frequently visited him. The three years had now expired and the money willed to him by his father was his own.

Removing to New York, he built him a large costly mansion in Broome street, and married a highly accomplished young lady of that city. The last time I called upon him, I was met at the Astor House by his servants, who escorted me to his dwelling in sublime style. The carriage was costly, of the latest fashion, drawn by four elegant white steeds, and driven by a colored servant. But a moment elapsed, and, with a servant at each elbow, I was ushered into the presence of Mr. and Mrs. B——. The same grand elegance pervaded every thing throughout. The furniture was the most expensive that could be obtained, and all visible objects were none but those which would correspond. I tarried with him but a day, and took my departure for the South, promising to spend several days with him on my return.

Two years rolled around before I again found myself in the Atlantic city. I hastened to call

upon Mr. B——. I sought the number and rang at the door. A stranger opened it, and I inquired if Mr. B—— resided there. "No, he does not, and never will again," was the hasty reply. Not understanding the sentence and the accent upon it, I desired an explanation. It required but few words to satisfy my desire. "Since he removed to New York," said the gentleman, "he has been living upon the interest of his money. Two weeks ago to-morrow he failed for \$5,000 more than he was able to pay. The next morning I saw him reeling through the street, his brain crazed by that deadly poison, alcohol. Since that time I know nothing of him; whether he be dead or alive I cannot tell you. His wife lies in yonder cemetery, her death caused by the dissipation and vices of her husband."

I could hear no more. These few words were sufficient, and I immediately left for Rochester. A long ride brought me to the now city of Auburn. As the train neared the depot, the State Prison was in flames. The convicts were being removed, and I slipped from the cars to look at them. As they passed, among them I noticed Charles B——. Never can I forget that meeting. As I gazed upon him, and thought of the change that had taken place since we were school-boys, a tear came to my eyes, and my heart sunk within me.

Several years have flown since, and a thousand times have I thought of my first visit to the mansion of Charles B——. To-day we have met again; and in a dray cart, with an Irish boy for and servant and driver, I take him from—not the Astor House, but the muddy street of Dunkirk, and with a crowd of boys surrounding us, I escort him to a humble abode. This is the history of his life as far as I am acquainted. If you will call with me to see him to-morrow morning, you will learn more of his past life, and that I presume which will interest you."

Promising to do so, I sought my lodgings for the night. It was late the succeeding morning before we directed our steps to the house containing the hero of our tale. But, alas! unfortunate man, he had taken that "sleep which knows no waking." His life's career was at an end—and one single mourner followed his remains to the grave.

Our plain, unvarnished story is finished. Let it be remembered by the young, and may it have a salutary influence in enabling them to resist temptation. Its moral is too plain to require explanation.

#### HOME.

THERE is no passage in classical literature more beautiful or affecting than that where Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*, describes the effect produced on the remnant of the ten thousand Greeks when, after passing through dangers without number, they at length ascended a sacred mountain, and from its peak and summit caught sight of the sea. Dashing their bucklers, with a hymn of joy they rushed tumultuously forward. Some wept with the fulness of their delicious pleasure, others laughed, and more fell on their knees and blessed that broad ocean. Across its blue waters, like floating sea-birds, the memorials of their happy homes, came and fanned their souls. All the perils they had encountered, all the companions they had lost, all the miseries they had endured, were in an instant forgotten, and nought

was with them but the gentle phantoms of past and future joys. One was again scouring on his fleet steed across the hoof-trodden plains of Thessaly; another reclined beneath the flower-crowned rocks of Arcadia, and gazed into the dreamy eyes of her, whose form, amidst battle and bivouac, was ever with him; a third recalled that proud day when, before the streaming eyes of his overjoyed parents, and amid the acclamations of all Greece, he bore off from amid competitors the laurel wreath of the Olympian victor.

Oh! home, magical spell, all powerful home! how strong must have been thy influence, when thy faintest memory could cause these heroes of a thousand fights to weep like tearful women! With the cooling freshness of a desert fountain, with the sweet fragrance of a flower found in winter, you came across the great waters to those wandering men, and beneath the peaceful shadow of your wings found rest!

Ay! Xenophon, most venerable author of profane history, thou dost well thus to allude to so blessed a subject. Artists and Poets honor thee for that stroke of thy pen! The pencil sketches the lovely scene, and he who looks upon the canvas, sheds a sympathetic tear. The Muse, with a heart overflowing with remembrances, sings—

My native home, my native home,  
Though other homes there are,  
Be thou, whilst I am called to roam,  
My blessed guiding star—  
My magnet, drawing me to One,  
Whose smile of love shall be my sun  
To cheer me through my earthly way—  
Her soul my spirit's life for ever!

Thus it would seem that it is not alone to the scenery of home that fond associations cling, but, rather, the dear beings—the kindred, the friends, who of themselves constitute that home.

Leave me alone on a desolate isle, and although I may succeed in obtaining aliment for physical subsistence, shall I, without a fellow creature to "smile when I am glad, or weep when I am sad," say, Reader! shall I, *can* I, experience the "joys of home?" But should some propitious breeze thitherward wait but a solitary voyager, how gladly should I prepare my barque for the waves, and launch forth to meet the long desired comer! If, then, between us exists mental congeniality, soul may become united to soul, and home, not in locality only but in friendship, in sweet *holy love*, shall once more be numbered amongst my most valuable possessions.

#### THE BREAKFAST.

IS this all we are going to have for breakfast?" said James, as he seated himself at the table.

"Yes," said the mother, "the bread and butter are fresh, and the potatoes are baked very nicely; they would be a great luxury to many poor children this cold morning."

James said nothing more, but began to eat very slowly and rather sullenly. He knew he must eat what was set before him, or go without food until dinner.

"Mrs. Green," said a colored woman, as she entered the room, "Mrs. Johnson's two little girls are in the kitchen; they are almost frozen, and are very hungry; they haven't had anything to eat since yesterday. Can they have some of the cold meat that was left yesterday?"

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Green, "I will come out and see them. James, you may come with me, and see if they will eat what you are so strongly inclined to refuse."

James hung down his head and followed his mother into the kitchen.

Mrs. Green gave the little girls some bread and butter and some baked potatoes, which they ate with a voracity which showed that they told the truth when they said they were hungry.

"Oh, how nice," said the youngest, a little girl six years of age; how I do wish that mother was here."

Mrs. Green gave them a supper of things suitable for their widowed mother in her needy circumstances, and they left the house very happy.

As Mrs. Green returned to the breakfast room James put his arms around his mother's neck, and bursting into tears, said, "mother, I will never complain again."

#### A BUYER OF OLD BREECHES.

A *PARIS* journal relates the following adventure. Bonhomme X. lived for several years at *Hospice des Vieillards*, (the Old Men's Hospital,) at Tours, in the enjoyment of a small pension.—About four years ago his wife purchased for a couple of francs an old pair of linen pantaloons of a sick soldier who was on his way to the hospital.

About the commencement of last month Mother X. while ripping up the waistband of these pantaloons found a piece of engraved paper which she handed to her husband, saying:

"Take hold, you, who can read, and see what this paper says."

The good man cast his eye over the paper and said:

"Ah, I know what it is. It's an *assignat* of the former republic. I saw many of them when I was a young man."

"Is it of any service?" said the old woman.

"None at all."

"It's a curiosity though. I'm a good mind to paste it on the wall."

"As you please," and the good woman, paste-brush in hand, affixed the supposed assignat to the wall.

A few days afterwards, a visitor entered the room, and seeing the novel decoration of the apartment, cried out—

"Hullo! Goodman X. how long is it since you've been in the habit of decorating your house with bank notes?"

"What! that piece of picture paper?" asked the old woman.

"Ah! that assignat?" said the *bonhomme*.

"This picture—this *assignat*," replied the visitor, "is a good bank note for a thousand francs, and you can handle its value in hard cash when you please."

"Impossible," cried the couple.

"Nothing can be more true," said the visitor, "and if you doubt it, you can satisfy yourselves by a going at once with it to the bank."

This the old folks were very willing to do, but a difficulty arose, before unthought of; the note was so tightly pasted to the wall that it was impossible to detach it without destroying it. However, they at last took it to the bank with a large lump of plaster adhering to it, where, notwithstanding its strange condition it was found good, and bearing the proper signature of *Girard* still per-



fectly legible. The value was paid to the old couple, and the old relic of former days was sent to the Bank of France, where it still remains.

#### A GENTLEMAN.

AT an entertainment on board the American steamer Lafayette, last week, Captain Stoddart, the commander, in acknowledging a toast, said, "I will relate a little incident which will serve to show that if prejudice could have existed in my mind against Englishmen, it is now done away with. I was coming from Paris the other day, and had three young ladies with me. According to my calculations I could get to Liverpool with the money I had in my pocket, but when in London I found I had made a mistake of £5. It would have put me to great inconvenience to remain, but there was not a person I knew at the station, and so I told the director to take my baggage off because I had not money enough to pay my fare. Soon afterwards I saw a gentlemanly-looking man standing in the office, and presuming he was a passenger going to Liverpool, I put the question to him. "No, sir," he said; "but can I do anything for you?" I told him I was short of £5 to pay my fare, and he put his hand in his pocket and gave me the money. He gave me his card: his name is Mr. G. W. Thompson, Gloucester square, Hyde-park-gardens, in London. It was a satisfaction to find such a man living. It was worth more than £5,000 to me; and, gentlemen, I propose the health of Mr. G. W. Thompson, or London." (*London paper*, June 27.)

#### HORRID DEPRAVITY.

A base wretch in the form of a man, was a few weeks since, introduced to a lovely and confiding girl of sixteen. He pressed her hand, and said in a thrilling tone, that he thought the "recent fine weather had rendered the ladies more lovely than ever." She blushed and said "very." Her parents considered the matter as settled, but he basely deserted the young lady, after addressing this pointed language to her, and has never called at her house since. We are glad to learn that her friends have taken the affair in hand, and caused the monster to be arrested in a suit for breach of promise—damages laid at \$6,000. The scamp will be cautious in future how he trifles with the affections of young ladies and breaks in fragments their loving hearts—the toughest muscle, by the way, in the whole body.

#### PRIVATE CHARACTER OF A LOCOMOTIVE MOTIVE.

PEOPLE who may see a locomotive tearing up and down the land at a gait of forty miles to an hour—making the very earth groan beneath its giant tread, and the heavens themselves reverberate with its fearful clatter—scaring nature with its unearthly din, and frightening all creation from its propriety, almost—people who only see it in its terrible activity, have no idea what eminently social virtues it is endowed with. This is their public character. Their private one is another affair. Now and then one of these huge monsters, in whose iron bowels slumber more than a thousand giant powers, comes up and stands under our window, and smokes away as gently as the most exemplary cooking-stove, its huge steam-pipes

singing a strain as soft and as dulcet as the most amiable tea-kettle, and its lungs of steel breathing as sweetly as an infant in its slumbers. But the demon of power is there. Let any one but pinch its ears, and no venerable spinster cat will spit more fiercely—let him gripe those iron hands, and the pipes which were tuned to so soft a strain, send forth a yell as if heaven and earth were coming together, and those lungs which first breathed so quietly, cough like a volcano—and off it goes, darkening the heavens with its dense volume of smoke.

#### GOOD BREEDING.

GOOD breeding and vulgarity are like oil and water; every attempt at amalgamation will prove futile.—Good breeding, or propriety of manners, address or conversation, is as much a matter of the understanding as any science or learning whatever. Some minds acquire knowledge by their own internal efforts, without the help of outward aids, and this we call genius. Some men are by nature graceful and polite; their conversation is never gross, their carriage always correct, all without the tutoring of much or high company; and this, too, is equally genius. There are other minds which acquire knowledge from books, and there are other men who acquire politeness from observation; the operation which brings improvement is in both equally intellectual. There is a beauty in good manners, which, to be seen and understood, requires the same delicacy of taste that is necessary to perceive and feel the beauty of a landscape, a picture, or a piece of statuary. If we were all masters of the propriety of speech, knew what words to receive and what to reject, we might all be good writers; but it is not so; neither is it otherwise in good breeding.

#### A MISTAKE—TRUE POLITENESS.

ON a late Sunday evening, while Dr. Welch of Albany, was in the midst of one of his most impassioned charity sermons to a crowded house, an incident occurred which put to test both his politeness and presence of mind:

A pair was waiting to be married after the sermon, in the rear of the audience, and were to be called forward by the sexton. But the latter official having become absorbed in drowsiness or contemplation, while the Rev. Doctor was preaching, was suddenly brought to his recollection by hearing the Doctor exclaim, "*The spirit and the bride say come!*" Off he posted to the wedding party, who (of course) had not understood a word of the sermon, and notified them that the moment had arrived for the performance of the nuptial ceremony. They promptly obeyed the summons, and the bride and bridegroom, bride's maid and groom's man, came marching down the broad aisle in the midst of the discourse.

The preacher, seeing at a glance that a mistake had been committed, which was likely to terminate unpleasantly, finished his sentence, descended from the pulpit with dignity and composure, tied the irrevocable knot, returned to his pulpit and finished his disclosure, and the wedding party were not at all sensible that every thing was not as it should be.

This is what we call true politeness, under difficulties.

#### A FATALIST.

A western newspaper publishes the following: I knew an old man who believed that "what was to be would be." He lived in Missouri, and was one day going out several miles through a region infested in early times by very savage Indians. He always took his gun with him, but this time found that some one of the family had taken it out. As he would not go without it, his friends tantalized him by saying there was no danger of the Indians; that he would not die till his time came anyhow. "Yes," says the old fellow, "but suppose I was to meet an Indian, and his time had come, it wouldn't do not to have my gun?"

"My friend," said the keeper of a hotel to an over-voracious boarder, "you eat so much that I shall certainly have to change you an extra half-dollar." "An extra half-dollar," replied his boarder, with his countenance the very picture of despair; "for goodness sake don't do that I'm almost dead now, eating three dollars worth, and if you put on an extra half dollars worth, I shall certainly burst—I shall."

### The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1851.

#### TO OUR PATRONS.

In consequence of the present Postage Regulations, which are decidedly discouraging to the prospects of a semi-monthly Journal, the Proprietor, with this number, suspends the publication of the Rural Repository.

Yet if he be successful in completing certain contemplated arrangements, he hopes to resume its publication at some future day,—say after a few months, or when a more equalizing Postage Law shall have been made.

To such of our Patrons as have kindly aided us by their names their influence and their talents, we offer our sincere thanks. Wishing each and all of them a respectful adieu, we take our leave, hoping ere the close of life's eventful period to meet again for the enjoyment of "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

N. B. Those Subscribers who may be indebted for the Repository, are respectfully requested to forward the amount to the Editor as soon as practicable.

#### MARRIAGES.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, Mr. Alexander Frisbee to Miss Mary Ann Lay, both of Chatham.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. D. L. Marks Mr. Sanford T. Morey, to Miss Jerusalem Rowland, both of Hudson.

At Claverack, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. J. C. Boies, Mr. John H. Tutor to Miss Sarah C. Demarest, both of Claverack.

At Hanson, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, Hervey R. Curtis, of East Abington, Mass. to Miss Elmira S. Studley, of Claverack, N. Y.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. E. Nevius, Mr. George Van Alstyne to Miss Catharine Wiant both of Stuyvesant Falls.

At Vernon 15th ult. by the Rev. James Petrie, Mr. Walter Briggs of Livingston Col. Co. to Martha E. youngest daughter of the late Briggs Jewitt of the former place.

In Kinderhook on the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Van Zandt, William Heyward, of South Carolina, to Anna L. eldest daughter of William H. Tobey, Esq.

At Sackett's Harbor, on the 10th ult. by the Rev. Charles Hawley, Frederick F. Folger of New Orleans, to Harriette A. daughter of Elisha Camp, Esq. of the former place.

At Stuyvesant, 30th ult. by the Rev. H. N. Dyer, Mr. Edward Drum, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. Nelson Cone, both of Stuyvesant.

At St. Luke's Church, on the 22d ult. by the Rev. Henry W. Lee, Daniel McLenn, Judge of Fayette Co. Ohio, to Mary Sophia Spangue, of Rochester.

#### DEATHS.

In this city on the 20th ult. William Francis, son of William and Elizabeth Caldwell aged 4 years 5 months and 19 days.

On the 20th ult. Marion, daughter of Charles B. and Caroline Nash, aged 4 months and 15 days.

At Red Hook, on the 25th ult. John R. Livingston, aged 98 years.

## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.  
LINES TO A BOUQUET.

BY JAMES FENDERGAST.

Come let me gaze on ye, sweet flowers!  
Pledge of my dear Eliza's love.  
Ye oft shall light my darksome hours,  
When far from her I lonely rove.  
Come, near my heart shall be your place,  
Though dimed and faded now ye seem  
For once ye bloomed like her fair face—  
Like her bright eyes with light did gleam.

And thus with her it yet may be  
When rosy youth and health are gone.  
Ah! fading then she'll droop like ye,  
As age and care come creeping on.  
But on my breast I'll soothe each care,  
My shielding arms around her twine;  
Her smiles and sighs with her I'll share,  
And bless with love her life's decline.

With love and hope increasing still,  
We'll welcome each successive year:  
When beauty fades, (as fade it will)  
And sickness comes, we'll love more dear.  
And thus like ye poor faded flowers,  
When youth and bloom have passed away—  
Loving fonder in life's last hours,  
As ye smell sweeter in decay.

## THE LAST LEAF.

BY OLIVER W. HOLMES.

I saw him once before,  
As he pass'd by the door,  
And again  
The pavement-stones resound  
As he totters o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,  
Nay a better man was found  
By the crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
So forlorn;  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has press'd  
In their bloom.  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmother has said—  
Poor old lady! she is dead  
Long ago—

That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

And now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff.

And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here,

But the old three-corner'd hat,  
And the breeches—and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring—

Let them smile as I do now  
At the old forsaken bough  
Where I cling.

## WRITTEN AT MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

The trembling dew-drops fall  
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest  
The stars shine gloriously; and all  
Save me, are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave!  
Thy violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,  
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave  
Above thy child?

'T is a sweet flower, yet must  
Its bright leaves to the coming tempest bow;  
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust  
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die:  
To leave untasted life's dark, bitter streams—  
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie,  
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,  
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,  
And mourn the hopes to childhood dear  
With bitter tears.

Ay, I must linger here,  
A lonely branch upon a wither'd tree,  
Whose last frail leaf, untimely ere,  
Went down with thee!

Oft, from life's wither'd bower,  
In still communion with the past, I turn,  
And muse on thee, the only flower  
In memory's urn.

And, when the evening pale  
Bows, like a mourner, on the dim, blue wave,  
I stray to hear the night-winds wail  
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?  
I gaze above—thy look is imaged there;  
I listen—and thy gentle tone  
Is on the air.

O, come, while here I press  
My brow upon thy grave; and, in those mild  
And thrilling tones of tenderness,  
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless your weeping child:  
And o'er thine urn—religion's holiest shrine—  
O, give his spirit, unleft e'er,  
To blend with thine.

## SONG.

BY ANNE PEYRE DINNIES.

I could not hush that constant theme  
Of hope and revery;  
For every day and nightly dream  
Whose lights across my dark brain gleam,  
Is fill'd with thee.

I could not bid those visions spring  
Less frequently;  
For each wild phantom which they bring,  
Moving along on fancy's wing,  
But pictures thee.

I could not stem the vital source  
Of thought, or be  
Compell'd to check its whelming force,  
As ever in its onward course  
It tells of thee.

I could not, dearest, thus control  
My destiny,

Which bids each new sensation roll,  
Pure from its fountain in my soul,  
To life and thee.

## THE MOON OF FLOWERS.

BY MARIA BROOKS.

O moon of flowers! sweet moon of flowers!  
Why dost thou mind me of the hours  
Which flew so softly on that night,  
When last I saw and felt thy light?

O, moon of flowers! thou moon of flowers!  
Would thou couldst give me back those hours,  
Since which a dull, cold year has fled,  
Or show me those with whom they sped!

O, moon of flowers! O, moon of flowers!  
In scenes a far were past those hours,  
Which still with fond regret I see,  
And wish my heart could change like thee!

New Volume, October, 1850.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

Vol. 27, Commencing Oct. 19, 1850,

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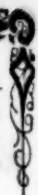
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